

Hide No More

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/8792425) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/8792425>.

Rating:

[Explicit](#)

Archive Warning:

[Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings](#)

Category:

[M/M](#)

Fandom:

[방탄소년단](#) | [Bangtan Boys](#) | [BTS](#)

Relationships:

[Jeon Jungkook/Min Yoongi](#) | [Suga, Kim Taehyung](#) | [V/Park Jimin](#)

Characters:

[Jeon Jungkook](#), [Min Yoongi](#) | [Suga, Kim Taehyung](#) | [V, Park Jimin](#)
([BTS](#)), [Jung Hoseok](#) | [J-Hope](#), [Kim Namjoon](#) | [Rap Monster](#), [Kim Seokjin](#) | [Jin](#), [Jeon Junghyun](#)

Additional Tags:

[Hand Jobs](#), [Blow Jobs](#), [Smut](#), [Fluff](#), [Light Angst](#), [SugaKookie centric](#),
[side vmin - Freeform](#)

Language:

[English](#)

Series:

Part 8 of [First and Last](#)

Stats:

Published: 2016-12-08 Words: 10,114 Chapters: 1/1

Hide No More

by [rosiex](#)

Summary

Jeongguk and Yoongi get used to all the members knowing about their relationship, and Taehyung and Jimin make a decision.

Smut and fluff coming up.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

"Too early."

Yoongi's voice is drowsy, words coming out slurred and his Daegu accent thicker than usual. Jeongguk smiles and gives a quiet noise of assent in response. He finishes manoeuvring Yoongi onto his side, earning him a small grunt of protest. Jeongguk shifts himself one more time before finally settling back into the new position, nestled behind Yoongi with his arm around the elder's waist. Their single beds are really not big enough to accommodate two grown men, resulting in a lot of shifting about in the night to make things comfortable. If it means spending the night with Yoongi Jeongguk doesn't really mind though; it's a problem he'd be happy to have more often.

He presses his face into the nape of Yoongi's neck, stray strands of hair tickling his cheeks as he tightens his arm around his waist and slips a leg between Yoongi's. Yoongi gives a quiet hum of contentment. Jeongguk does truly enjoy this. Waking up with Yoongi is a rare treat and he basks in it, revels in how Yoongi feels warm and solid and just *there*.

It's still early but Jeongguk feels annoyingly awake, his mind buzzing with far too much to drift back into sleep. He's restless from thinking about Seokjin's return, about what's happening with Taehyung and Jimin. But the main thing that's keeping his sleep at bay is his realisation last night of just quite how strong his feelings towards Yoongi have become; that he's pretty sure that he's in love with the man now snoring lightly beside him.

Jeongguk doesn't quite know what to do about it, or if he even does anything at all. He's not sure if it's too soon for feelings like this - he honestly has no concept of what's normal for this sort of thing. He's only been with Yoongi for a few months but the fact that they've been friends for so long first means it's not as simple as that. He's sure that his feelings for Yoongi have been there a while, lingering beneath the surface without him even realising it.

He tries to picture himself saying those three words to Yoongi but he can't quite imagine it. They have enough trouble as it is having any sort of serious discussion about feelings, let alone broaching something like this. What if Yoongi doesn't return the sentiment? Oh god, that would be really fucking awkward.

Jeongguk tries not to think on it too much and focuses instead of curling himself even more around Yoongi, closing his eyes and trying

to bring on sleep. His efforts prove futile. He sighs and twists his head round to look at the clock on the bedside cabinet. It's just gone 7am.

He has no idea how long Yoongi will keep sleeping for and Jeongguk's getting impatient. As much as he's enjoying waking up like this and having Yoongi so near, at the same time Yoongi is *so near* and it's far too tempting. He starts to cautiously move his hand, letting his fingers drift across Yoongi's chest, tracing large slow circles.

There's no response from Yoongi other than his continued quiet snoring. Jeongguk's not sure if it's a little creepy to be touching him while he's asleep but he's hoping that Yoongi will stir soon. He's pretty certain anyone would think him mad for trying to wake up a dozing Yoongi but he's more than willing to take the risk.

Jeongguk's fingers keep moving and soon enough he feels the very slight shift of Yoongi's body against his own and the steady rhythm of his breathing becoming broken. Yoongi lets out a low noise which sounds like both disgruntlement and a warning. Jeongguk grins to himself and continues with his ministrations regardless. His hand moves a little lower, fingertips dancing lightly across Yoongi's stomach.

"Why are you so awake?" Yoongi grumbles, voice raspy with sleep still.

Jeongguk doesn't reply. Instead he brushes his lips against Yoongi's neck, pressing small kisses against the warm skin there. He hears Yoongi huff loudly, still trying to show his annoyance at not being allowed to sleep in peace, but at the same time he shifts his body back a little more into Jeongguk's arms. Jeongguk grins again, wider this time, and he lets his fingers crawl along the edge of Yoongi's underwear.

"Sorry," Jeongguk murmurs against Yoongi's shoulder. "I'll let you sleep."

No response comes. He waits for a while, fairly positive that Yoongi's not actually fallen back to sleep. Sure enough a few moments later Yoongi's talking.

"Well, as you've woken me up so rudely already, may as well make it worthwhile," he says with an exaggerated sigh.

Jeongguk chuckles lowly. "And how do you propose we do that?"

"I'm sure you can figure something out," Yoongi replies, affecting an air of irritation but Jeongguk can hear Yoongi's smile in his words, even if he can't see it.

Jeongguk lets his fingers travel down, trailing teasingly over Yoongi's leg, lightly caressing the sensitive skin of his inner thigh. He props himself up slightly on one elbow so that he's able to look down at Yoongi a bit more.

"I thought you were supposed to be the genius here," Jeongguk retorts playfully, dipping his head down to nip gently at the shell of Yoongi's ear.

"You have your moments," Yoongi concedes.

Jeongguk lets out another small chuckle before bending his head forward and bringing his lips to Yoongi's. It starts out chaste but it only takes a tiny lick at Yoongi's lips before they're opening and allowing Jeongguk's tongue to slip inside. It's a lazy kiss, no urgency to it as their tongues roll together, sleepy and unrushed.

Jeongguk's fingers brush over the front of Yoongi's underwear. He smiles into the kiss as he feels Yoongi half hard beneath the fabric. He keeps on kissing Yoongi, running his fingers over the outline of Yoongi's length a few times before palming him lightly through the material. It doesn't take long until Yoongi's fully hard and Jeongguk never tires of knowing that he's the cause of it.

He moves his hand away, producing a quiet whine of frustration from Yoongi. It brings Jeongguk a great deal of satisfaction to hear Yoongi getting worked up already. He pulls away from the kiss, his lips trailing slowly down Yoongi's neck. He uses the opportunity to glance down, taking in the sight of Yoongi's cock straining against his underwear, and it sends a strong thrum of arousal through his own body.

Jeongguk dips his fingers beneath the waistband, sliding along under the elastic before finally slipping his hand inside. His fingers find Yoongi's cock, heavy and hot in his hand. Jeongguk rubs his thumb over the tip, circling slowly. Yoongi's breathing hitches at the first contact and Jeongguk loves the sound. He starts trying to move his hand but it's difficult trapped in the confines of his underwear. Jeongguk's hand pulls out, taking a moment to tug the material down just enough before his hand wraps fully around him once more.

Yoongi lets out a soft, shuddered sigh at the action. Jeongguk leans

forward again, capturing Yoongi's mouth in another languid kiss, still slow with the last traces of tiredness in them both. His hand sets up an unhurried back and forth, Jeongguk enjoying how Yoongi feels against his palm as he does so. He tightens his grip a little on each upstroke, how Yoongi seems to like it, and he gets lost in the lazy kiss, in the leisurely glide of his hand.

Yoongi's breathing becomes more stilted, turning to soft, quiet pants into Jeongguk's mouth as they kiss. Jeongguk's hand moves easily on Yoongi's cock, slick with the precome that gathers beneath Jeongguk's fingers. It may all be slow and sleepy, but Jeongguk kind of loves it. Loves being able to wake up with Yoongi like this. Loves being able to reach out and touch and kiss him as their morning greeting.

Jeongguk's own cock is hard, throbbing in the confines of his underwear. He's turned on by how much Yoongi's enjoying it, by how *good* Yoongi feels in his hand, how he presses back against Jeongguk's chest. Jeongguk grinds a little against Yoongi to the same rhythm of his hand. It gives him some of the friction he craves but not quite enough.

Yoongi groans lightly into the kiss when he feels Jeongguk rubbing up against him. He arches back into Jeongguk's hips, making the younger's breath catch sharply at the sensation. Jeongguk pulls away from their kiss, lips pressing instead into Yoongi's shoulder. His eyes flicker up to Yoongi whose head still rests on the pillow. Yoongi's gaze is drawn lower, chin tilted down as he watches the way that Jeongguk's hand moves on his cock.

"Still mad I woke you up?" Jeongguk asks, low and teasing, his words breathed into the crook of Yoongi's neck.

"Very," Yoongi replies stubbornly, though the way he sucks in a breath through his teeth as Jeongguk flicks his wrist makes his statement seem less than truthful.

"If you say so," Jeongguk murmurs playfully

He moves his mouth up to Yoongi's ear, licking lightly at the metal of his earring before tugging it gently between his teeth. He rubs his hips up against Yoongi once more causing the both of them to sigh softly at the same time.

Yoongi's hand bats away Jeongguk's, momentarily leaving the younger confused until Yoongi's pushing his underwear fully off down his legs and rolling over to face Jeongguk. Their mouths meet, another slow

and easy kiss that lasts for far too short a time. Jeongguk doesn't feel the need to protest though, not when his own underwear is being carefully removed and Yoongi's moving to straddle his thighs.

"Morning," Yoongi says, raising his eyebrows suggestively.

Jeongguk smiles, partly from the corniness of the line, but mainly from how Yoongi looks right now; his hair in disarray, face blotchy from sleep, the covers slipping down around his waist. Jeongguk gets a strong feeling like he just wants to hold Yoongi and not let him go, like they could just live out their lives on this bed just the two of them and he'd be perfectly happy.

He doesn't voice any such ridiculous sentiments of course. Instead he lifts his clean hand, curving his fingers around the nape of Yoongi's neck and guiding him down so that he's laying on top of him. Jeongguk tugs the covers back into place, covering them both as their lips find each other's once again.

Despite the fact that their tongues almost immediately slip into the other's mouth the kiss is sweet and affectionate. Jeongguk's fingers creep up from the back of Yoongi's neck to curl into his hair instead. He enjoys listening to the soft sound of their mouths meeting, the hushed breathing and the occasional gentle whine that the kiss produces.

When they finally pull apart Jeongguk's face presses into the dip above Yoongi's collarbone and he breathes in happily, letting the warm, musky scent of Yoongi's skin flood through him. There's the residue of his shower gel from yesterday with the more recent layer of sweat mixed in which is kind of gross, but underneath it all it's distinctly Yoongi. Jeongguk adores the fact that it's familiar to him now.

Yoongi's body is solid above him but not heavy, the weight of his small frame reassuring as it presses into Jeongguk. His arms wrap around Yoongi's back as he holds him close, just giving himself a minute to drink in this moment, something that he knows he won't be able to experience again for many mornings to come.

He feels Yoongi laugh lightly more than he hears it, followed by a brief kiss pressed into his hair. Jeongguk thinks he's probably being a bit too mushy right now so quickly rectifies it with a firm roll of his hips upwards, causing Yoongi to exhale loudly.

Yoongi's cock is pressed into his lower stomach, sliding over his skin

as Yoongi grinds back down into him. Jeongguk's mind casts back to a morning before the two of them even classed themselves as boyfriends. He remembers how Yoongi worked both of them simultaneously and Jeongguk takes the initiative this time, shifting his body in order for him to wrap his hand around both their cocks.

A quiet, gasped *ah* falls from Yoongi's lips as Jeongguk takes hold of him and Jeongguk raises his head so that they can kiss once again. It feels so good, the way Yoongi's length rubs so slickly against his own, and it makes him thrust up slowly into his own loose fist. Yoongi's hips are moving too, the kiss occasionally stuttering when the sensation becomes momentarily too much for them both.

They don't really keep the same rhythm but it doesn't matter. Jeongguk still feels that heat getting heavier and heavier deep inside of him with each slick slide. Yoongi eventually breaks the kiss when their breathing becomes too erratic, pressing his mouth against the curve of Jeongguk's jaw.

"m'close, baby," Yoongi murmurs, his voice so thick with arousal that it makes Jeongguk's toes curl into the sheets.

Jeongguk's hand speeds up, still not too fast but quicker than the languid pace that he's set so far this morning. Yoongi's breathing speeds up too, audibly hitching every so often and sometimes dropping into a choked out moan.

"Fuck, *fuck*," Yoongi whispers, the last word dragged out until it becomes a deep sigh laced with pure pleasure.

It's the only warning Jeongguk gets before he feels a sticky warmth covering his hand, running between his fingers and down his own cock. Yoongi's body tenses above him, his hips rocking into Jeongguk's fist a couple more times before he's draping himself over Jeongguk and letting his body relax onto the younger's. Jeongguk can feel the rapid rise and fall of Yoongi's chest against his own.

Yoongi's head tips up so that he can look at Jeongguk. He smiles at him, happy and sated, and it makes Jeongguk bite down on his own lip before smiling back. He loves making Yoongi feel good like this. Yoongi leans up, pressing a brief kiss to Jeongguk's lips before he's shimmying down Jeongguk's body, disappearing beneath the covers. Jeongguk's smile gets wider, knowing what's about to happen.

He feels hot breath against the head of his cock, only having a moment to get used to it before the warm, wet heat of Yoongi's mouth

surrounds him. A cracked moan escapes from his lips as Yoongi takes him all the way in without preamble and he pushes up into the heat without thinking. He feels a firm hand on his hip, holding him still as Yoongi starts to move his mouth.

Shit, Jeongguk needs to see this. He grabs the corner of the covers and casts them off to the side. Yoongi's hair is even messier than before and Jeongguk automatically reaches out to tangle his fingers in the strands. Yoongi moans around him as he does so, Jeongguk inhaling sharply at how it feels on him. Yoongi looks so good, his lips gliding easily along Jeongguk's cock, and Jeongguk still can never quite get over the fact that Yoongi wants to do these things with him.

Yoongi works him expertly, dragging his lips along Jeongguk's length with just the right speed and pressure, stopping to circle his tongue around the tip every so often. The flash of Yoongi's tongue licking at him, the way he slides down on Jeongguk to the base so fluidly, it's almost getting too much. Jeongguk presses the back of his hand against his mouth to try to muffle the groans that threaten to spill from him.

"Fuck, Yoongi, oh my *god*," Jeongguk pants when Yoongi's hand leaves his hip, tucking under his ass instead and encouraging him to thrust gently into his mouth.

Jeongguk keeps it as slow as he can manage and he tries not to go too hard but fuck it's still so good. Yoongi's mouth is so soft and wet and that feeling in the base of Jeongguk's stomach gets heavier, tighter, with each movement. His fingers grip harder in Yoongi's hair and he can feel that warning dip of his abdomen. Yoongi opens his eyes to look up at him and the sight tips Jeongguk fully over the edge.

"Shit, Yoongi, I'm gonna come," he just about manages to groan out before that intense surge of hot pleasure bursts through him. It makes his head tip back into the pillow and his back arch as Jeongguk lets it consume him.

Yoongi's mouth keeps working him, keeping that wonderful heat around him until Jeongguk's thighs jerk from the over-sensitivity and he gently pulls away. He nudges his nose into the crease where Jeongguk's thigh meets his hip, leaving a light kiss there. He then lets his cheek press into Jeongguk's thigh, resting his head there against him. Jeongguk's hand drops from Yoongi's hair to run tenderly along his jawline.

Yoongi smiles up at him so sincere and warm and full of affection that it makes Jeongguk swallow thickly. He smiles back and Yoongi closes his eyes, leaning into the touch of Jeongguk's fingers grazing against his jaw. Jeongguk doesn't close his eyes; he can't quite bring himself to stop looking at Yoongi, at how he nestles so comfortably into him, lips curved at the edges as he enjoys the soft stroke of Jeongguk's hand. Jeongguk finds it amazing at times like this that other people can view Yoongi as a cold or distant person, though he gets it. Jeongguk knows that he can be just as bad, often putting up a front to others too.

A loud buzzing sounds from the floor, breaking the peaceful moment. Yoongi sighs and scrunches up his face at the sound, huffing when Jeongguk attempts to shake him off of his leg. He gives Jeongguk teasing nip on his thigh before crawling up the bed and pulling the covers back over him.

Jeongguk kneels at the edge of the bed, leaning over the side searching for his discarded sweatpants. He finds them in a heap by the foot of the bed, rifling through the material before locating his phone in the right pocket. By the time he lifts up the phone to his face the call has ended.

"Who was it?" Yoongi asks, voice muffled from where he's bundled himself up in the covers.

Jeongguk frowns down at the phone. The missed call is from his brother.

"It was Junghyun," he replies, standing up off the bed. "Do you mind if I phone him back? He doesn't normally call."

"Go ahead," Yoongi tells him, burrowing down a little more into the covers.

Jeongguk nods. He pulls on his underwear and his t shirt, not missing the way that Yoongi peers curiously over at him getting dressed.

"I can't talk on the phone with him while I'm naked," Jeongguk explains. He knows it is kind of ridiculous when the other can't see him but well, he just finds it odd otherwise.

Yoongi arches an eyebrow in amusement but says nothing. Jeongguk moves up the bed to lean against the headboard. Yoongi shuffles in a little closer, apparently attempting to doze off again next to him. Jeongguk opens up the call log and presses the button to the return

the call. There's only a few rings before Junghyun picks up.

"And there I was, thinking that you were trying to ignore me," he answers in greeting.

"Would I ever, hyung?" Jeongguk teases.

"Um, let me think," Junghyun ponders with exaggeration. "Yes."

Jeongguk just laughs. It's nice to hear his brother's voice. Sure, they message a lot, just like he does with his parents, but it's different to actually hear them speak. It makes him miss them more when he does though; when he hears their Busan accent coming through so strongly. It reminds him so much of home.

"So what's with the phone call?" Jeongguk asks.

"Aish, can't I just call my little brother without some ulterior motive?" Junghyun replies, but he laughs when he realises the answer ready to come from Jeongguk.

"No," Jeongguk retorts, giving the expected response.

"Don't worry, it's nothing bad. It's just that I'm heading up to Seoul in a couple of weeks and I just wondered if you might be around to meet up?" he says tentatively. "I know your schedule is packed so I won't be offended if you can't, but it would be nice. Feels like it's been ages."

"That's 'cause it has been," Jeongguk reminds him, an edge of sadness to his voice.

He loves his brother, he really does. He's been so supportive of him all his life, encouraging him hugely in any endeavour he took on. Growing up he was never treated like the annoying little brother he knew he could be at times. Sure, they had their fallings out like any siblings do but Junghyun was always there for him, a constant presence in his life. He knows it hurts Junghyun to realise that his role has been slowly taken over by six other guys during the last few years, but he accepts it graciously, only ever wanting what's best for Jeongguk. Not for the first time Jeongguk feels immensely grateful for all the people who look out for him in his life. He knows deep down that even Seokjin reacting like he did the other night came from a place of love, even if badly misplaced.

"Well, as I said, I know you're busy so please don't feel bad if you can't," Junghyun repeats.

"I'll try to make it work," Jeongguk assures him. "Send me over the dates once you know them and I'll see what I can do."

"Cool," Junghyun says and Jeongguk can hear the smile in his voice down the phone. He'll definitely do what he can to make it work. "So, baby bro, how are things right now?"

They chat about Jeongguk's life. About practices and interviews and their future tour. They chat about Junghyun's life, about adjusting to a world outside the military and figuring out what he wants to do next. About how their parents are doing and about what some of their old family friends are up to back in Busan. At some point in their conversation Jeongguk's hand finds its way to Yoongi's hair, absently playing with the strands as he speaks on the phone.

Junghyun moves on to tell Jeongguk all about a girl he's been dating for the last month or so. His excitement is clear as he speaks and Jeongguk lets him ramble on for much longer than necessary about her. He deserves happiness and it's really nice to hear. Jeongguk looks down at Yoongi as Junghyun talks. He looks so relaxed as he dozes, seemingly unbothered by Jeongguk's fingers stroking through his hair. As good as he looks made up and styled to perfection, Jeongguk much prefers him like this; natural and bare, a sight that not many get to enjoy.

Jeongguk realises that there is a pause on the line, Junghyun clearly expecting an answer to some sort of question he's asked that Jeongguk has completely missed.

"Huh?"

Junghyun laughs.

"As attentive to your hyung as ever I see," he teases. "I said, is there anyone special in your life at the moment?"

Jeongguk looks back down at Yoongi and his chest clenches. Yoongi's all kinds of amazing and for some unfathomable reason he actually wants to be with Jeongguk. The younger just kind of wants to tell it to everyone and anyone who will listen. But he knows he can't outside of the other members. Even his own family don't know that he's gay; he can't exactly spring a boyfriend on them right now. Jeongguk sighs softly, drawing his gaze away from Yoongi.

"No," he tells him, swallowing heavily. "No one."

Breakfast that morning is one of the most awkward breakfasts Jeongguk's experienced in a while.

For a good five minutes it's just himself and Namjoon. They greet each other normally but there's a strange atmosphere in the room. It's not bad or tense, just buzzing slightly with the new knowledge that hovers between them, unspoken but quite obviously *there*. Jeongguk clearly didn't sleep in his own bed last night but Namjoon doesn't mention it. However the way he keeps talking about the weather in such detail only serves to draw attention to the fact that he's more than aware of exactly whose bed Jeongguk *did* sleep in.

Yoongi comes into the kitchen after that, hair fluffy from the shower he's just taken and wearing a loose t shirt with his light denim jeans. Jeongguk holds back a smile, wanting nothing more than to continue with the slow, lazy kisses that they got lost in not even half an hour ago once Jeongguk was finished on the phone. He doesn't though, of course, just stays sitting in his chair and nods in greeting. He doesn't miss the way that Namjoon's eyes flicker between the two of them though.

Once Hoseok enters the kitchen the awkwardness certainly steps up a notch. As soon as he sees the two of them sitting at the kitchen table his face lights up and a smile quickly works its way onto his lips. He sits opposite them and they try their best to eat their breakfast like normal, but it's hard when Hoseok is staring at them wide eyed as though expecting them to do something amazingly *boyfriend-y* all of a sudden.

"You know, we're not going to start acting differently just because we've told you guys about us," Yoongi huffs when the staring gets too much. "We're not about to start fucking on the kitchen table or anything."

Namjoon promptly chokes on the piece of food he just swallowed, face going slightly pink. Hoseok whacks him on the back, still with a blinding grin on his face.

"So crude, hyung," Hoseok chides him. "I'm just happy for you guys is all. I still can't believe it."

Jeongguk flushes from his words, a warmth settling comfortably in his chest. It may be a little unnerving to be under Hoseok's scrutiny like this, but the support that Hoseok's given them even in the brief time

that he's known has already been a real boost. Yoongi makes a dismissive noise and Jeongguk's willing to bet that his cheeks are burning too. Namjoon quickly cuts through the sentimental moment.

"Oh god, you've not had sex on this table, right?" Namjoon croaks, his voice strained from the food just dislodged from his throat and, Jeongguk suspects, the explicit image he now has in his mind.

Jeongguk looks over at Yoongi who just wiggles his eyebrows suggestively at Namjoon. Upon seeing Yoongi's response Namjoon shoves his chair back and far away from the table as though it's contaminated. Hoseok's grin also falters a little, replaced with a look of mild horror. Jeongguk feels as though he should put them out of their misery.

"Don't worry, hyungs," he smiles sweetly. "He's just messing with you."

"Oh, you're no fun," Yoongi sighs, disappointed that Jeongguk's let the teasing end so quickly. Namjoon and Hoseok look visibly relieved.

Jeongguk taps his finger to his chin, looking as though he's pondering something intently. "That is a good suggestion though," he says, playing along. "Let's add it to the list to try."

"My innocent ears," Hoseok groans, covering them with his hands whilst at the same time Namjoon exclaims miserably "there's a *list*?"

Jeongguk cackles as he stands up, always enjoying a chance to tease his hyungs. Yoongi just grins as he shoves a spoonful of porridge into his mouth.

"I no longer approve of this relationship," Hoseok grumbles as Jeongguk wanders over to place his bowl in the sink, though it's said with humour.

Jeongguk glances over at the doorway as he rinses out the bowl, kind of expecting to see Taehyung or Jimin make an appearance. The fact that neither of them have come down for breakfast leaves an uneasy feeling in his stomach. He waits a few moments before broaching the topic.

"Hyung, are Tae and Jimin still in their room?" he asks, trying to keep his voice as casual as possible. He sees the way that Yoongi glances over at his question too, sharing the same look of concern.

"Yeah, they were still sleeping when I came down," Hoseok tells him.

"They didn't come to bed 'til really late last night so I wouldn't wake them up unless you're feeling brave."

"Okay, thanks," Jeongguk nods.

He shares a small look with Yoongi once more. God, he sincerely hopes that everything is okay. He knows that they kind of pushed Taehyung into speaking with Jimin and he hopes that they haven't steered him in the wrong direction and made things worse.

He starts to head upstairs, keen to fit in a workout this morning before the dance practice this afternoon. When he walks down the hallway he can't help but notice that the door to Taehyung and Jimin's bedroom is slightly ajar. Their absence at the breakfast table this morning worries at the back of Jeongguk's mind.

He knows that maybe it's a little intrusive. Jeongguk definitely doesn't want to get in the middle of whatever might be happening but at the same time he wants to know that his two friends are okay. He worries for them because more than anything he wants them to be happy. Yet he knows that there is a smaller and more selfish part of him that worries how it may affect them all if the pair aren't on speaking terms. Jeongguk wishes he didn't think it but he can't help it. The Seokjin ordeal has already made him feel uneasy about how these things could impact the group. He can't imagine what it might be like if this goes wrong too.

There's no sound from inside the room and Jeongguk hesitantly pushes on the door just enough so that the gap widens a little. It's still fairly dark in the room from the drawn curtains but Jeongguk spots them immediately and his heart feels like it stops for a moment.

They're both dressed in mismatched clothes, half in pajamas and half in day wear as though they've ended up getting distracted midway through dressing. Taehyung's got Jimin pressed against the wall, his palms resting on Jimin's cheeks as he kisses him. Jimin's own arms are wrapped around Taehyung's neck, keeping his head tilted down.

It's not as though Jeongguk's never seen them kiss before. He's seen it plenty of times and much more besides. But something in the way that they kiss right now seems different. It always seemed fun and playful between them. This however- this is slow and tender and careful, and it makes Jeongguk feel very much like he's trespassed on a private moment not meant to be shared.

They break apart. Taehyung smiles down at Jimin. His hands cradle

Jimin's jaw on either side and he looks at him as though he's handling something truly precious. It makes Jimin shy away under his gaze and he presses his face into the crook of Taehyung's neck, arms clinging onto his back. Taehyung huffs out small, happy laugh before wrapping his arms around the other, pressing his cheek into Jimin's hair. He closes his eyes, a soft and utterly content smile etched onto his lips.

Jeongguk thinks he definitely needs to stop watching. There's nothing explicit in what he sees. They're simply standing there holding each other. Yet somehow it feels much more intimate than any of their previous exploits that Jeongguk's witnessed, something definitely meant for only the two of them. He closes the door as quietly as possible, standing in the hallway for a few moments to gather himself.

It's a little strange to see them like that and Jeongguk maybe gets why the others seem quite so shell shocked at seeing himself and Yoongi interact now. Although he'd assumed that Taehyung and Jimin may have progressed to the boyfriend stage previously, he never really thought about what that actually meant; about the difference in the depth of feelings when transitioning from friends that sleep together to something more.

Jeongguk finds himself smiling without realising it, only noticing when he feels the tug on his cheeks. He's truly happy for them. The lives that they all live aren't easy. Not so long ago the idea of any of the members finding happiness in a relationship seemed like a distant dream. Jeongguk certainly feels as though he's found it with Yoongi and the idea that Taehyung and Jimin may now get to enjoy the same, well, it causes a deep warmth to unfurl inside of him.

God, when did he turn into such a fucking sap?

The sound of footsteps on the staircase reaches Jeongguk's ears and he soon sees Hoseok wandering towards him. Given that Hoseok probably doesn't need a heart attack right about now, Jeongguk takes action.

"Hobi-hyung!" Jeongguk exclaims, loud enough so that Jimin and Taehyung will be able to hear him in the bedroom.

"Are you alright, Kookie?" Hoseok asks, face scrunched up in confusion.

"Just happy to see you, hyung," Jeongguk smiles, not really knowing what to say.

"We literally just saw each other at breakfast. You know, when you and Yoongi gave me too many images I did not need," Hoseok replies, speaking slowly as though Jeongguk's gone a bit mad. "You feeling okay?"

"Great, just great," Jeongguk says, keeping the smile plastered on his face

Hoseok arches an eyebrow, clearly suspicious of Jeongguk's odd behaviour, but Jeongguk darts into his room before Hoseok can ask anything more.

*

Dance practice that afternoon is exhausting and Jeongguk is very much regretting his decision to head to the gym in the morning. Jeongguk usually picks the routines up fairly quickly and the attention normally gets focused on Namjoon or Seokjin. Practice today however is just himself, Hoseok and Jimin, rehearsing for their dance break piece for the upcoming Festa. Therefore there's an unusual amount of focus on getting every single move perfect and trying out endless different ideas

It's fun to begin with. Jeongguk could spend hours working out and adapting different routines and not get bored, something he knows Yoongi struggles to comprehend whenever Jeongguk excitedly talks to him about it. So it's really not an issue dancing for so long; the issue is the complexity and intensity of this choreography. He's sure it will look amazing once it's perfected but right now his muscles are just about reaching their limit.

When Hoseok next calls a break they all collapse onto the floor, swigging from their water bottles like their lives depend on it. Jeongguk's starting to think that his actually might. Jimin's sprawled out on his back, forearm slung across his eyes, and Jeongguk sits crosslegged, propping his elbows on his knees and resting his forehead in his sweaty palms.

It takes a couple of minutes for their breathing to settle and Jeongguk's sure that Hoseok's getting tired too, taking longer than normal to gather himself before shuffling off to the bathroom. Jeongguk sits up a little straighter, glancing over at Jimin. He quickly takes advantage of this rare moment alone.

"So," he begins, keeping his voice casual. "How are things with you and Tae?"

Jimin's face is already red from the exertion of dancing, but Jeongguk's sure that if he wasn't then he'd still see the same deep flush from his question.

"We're fine," he mumbles, keeping his arm covering his eyes.

"Just fine?" Jeongguk presses, arching an eyebrow.

Jimin moves his arm away, looking over sheepishly at Jeongguk. He sighs softly.

"Tae said that you and Yoongi told him to speak with me," he admits shyly. He pauses, pressing his lips together before letting a small smile break out. "Thank you."

Jeongguk shrugs it off. "Don't mention it."

There a few moments of silence. Jeongguk aimlessly fiddles with the cap of his water bottle and Jimin slowly sits up, mirroring Jeongguk's crosslegged stance. He looks down at the ground, fingers trailing along the line of the floorboards.

"He asked me to be with him. Properly. Like- you know, an actual couple."

Jimin keeps looking at the floor as he speaks. His voice is so quiet that Jeongguk almost struggles to hear him but he can still pick up the awed way in which Jimin says it, as though he can't quite believe it's true. It makes Jeongguk grin as he watches.

"And you said?" he asks teasingly, knowing full well what the answer is.

"Yes, obviously," Jimin huffs, whacking Jeongguk on the shoulder.

"Hey, just checking," Jeongguk laughs, before putting on a sage voice. "Communication *is* key after all."

Jimin groans and covers his face with his hands in embarrassment.

"Please tell me I was not just given relationship advice by fucking *Jeongguk*," he mutters from behind his hands to no one in particular.

Jeongguk just laughs again and when Jimin removes his hands he's smiling too. "Seriously though, I'm happy for you," Jeongguk tells him honestly. He reaches out and ruffles Jimin's hair, his hand getting

swatted away immediately. "It's very sweet."

"Aish, remember who your hyung is, brat," Jimin complains, flattening down his hair.

Their conversation is cut off when Hoseok reenters the studio. They spend another hour or so there practicing until they decide to call it a day, the fatigue in their muscles making them frustrated rather than actually achieving anything more.

Once back at the house Hoseok instantly lays claim to the shower leaving Jimin and Jeongguk to trudge slowly back up to their rooms. On the way there Jeongguk looks around, making sure that Namjoon's not about before continuing their conversation from before.

"So, are you and Tae going to tell the others?" he asks.

Given what a surprise his and Yoongi's announcement was, he can't begin to imagine what the reaction will be upon learning that there's another couple in the house. Jeongguk idly wonders if Hoseok may actually spontaneously combust from happiness.

Jimin shakes his head. "No," he replies. "At least not yet. We just want to get used to things first."

"Cool," Jeongguk nods.

They wander past Yoongi's bedroom, both of their brows furrowing when they hear Taehyung's voice muffled behind the door. Jeongguk knocks lightly, waiting a few moments before Yoongi replies with a *"come in."*

Jeongguk steps inside, Jimin following behind him. Yoongi's sitting on his bed, laptop resting on his thighs. Taehyung's standing to the side of the bed, a big smile on his face. Maybe he's imagining things but Jeongguk swears that Yoongi's expression brightens a little on seeing him and it makes Jeongguk's chest tighten instantly.

"Hey," Taehyung smiles over at the pair of them.

"Hey," Jeongguk replies, wandering over to Yoongi's bed and sitting down on the edge next to Yoongi.

He leans down and gives Yoongi a brief kiss in greeting and for once it doesn't earn him a barrage of comments from the other two. He looks over at Jimin and Taehyung to see them grinning giddily at each

other. Jeongguk starts to worry just how sickly sweet they might end up being around each other although, he supposes, it's only fair payback.

"God, Kook, you really need a shower," Yoongi tells him, his face scrunching up in disgust.

Jeongguk takes that as his cue to wrap his arms around Yoongi in a tight embrace, ignoring the muffled protests from the elder as Jeongguk's sticky skin presses against him.

"Why the fuck do I put up with you?" Yoongi grumbles, shoving Jeongguk away, his attempt to look menacing only serving to make Jeongguk laugh.

"If you guys could stop being gross for one second, in all senses of the word," Taehyung sighs and Jeongguk tries to fashion his features back into a serious expression.

"Go on," Jeongguk prompts, a faint smile still tugging at his lips.

"So," Taehyung begins pointedly. "I've just told Yoongi-hyung, but you won't know yet, Kook. Jimin and I- well, we're together now. Like, a proper couple."

He's beaming widely and looking expectantly at Jeongguk for a reaction, seeming rather dismayed when Jeongguk just nods as though waiting for more.

"I, uh, I kind of already told him," Jimin admits awkwardly. Taehyung looks slightly crestfallen at having the big announcement taken away from him but it soon passes and he's smiling wide again.

"I'm really happy for you," Jeongguk tells him, echoing his response from Jimin earlier. "Honestly, you guys are great together."

"Thanks, Kook," Taehyung smiles in response, and he looks so happy that Jeongguk panics that he might start crying.

An odd silence settles over the room and Jeongguk wonders if they're all thinking the same thing. If they're all remembering that not that long ago the four of them being in a room alone like this would have looked very different. Jeongguk's glad of the experience, but he couldn't be happier with how things have turned out now. It seems that Taehyung's certainly thinking along those lines.

"Who would have thought it huh?" Taehyung muses. "That Yoongi picking Kookie would one day lead us all here?"

Jeongguk's forehead creases in confusion. "What do you mean, Yoongi picking me?"

Taehyung's eyes widen dramatically and Yoongi buries his face in his hands. Jimin coughs nervously.

"Well, Tae, I think your work here is done," Jimin grins warily, tugging on Taehyung's arm and leading him towards the door. "See you guys later."

The door closes behind them, Taehyung calling out a quick *"sorry hyung!"* from the other side. Jeongguk turns to look at Yoongi, who's still covering his face with his hands.

"Care to explain?" Jeongguk smirks.

"Not really," Yoongi sighs from behind his hands.

Jeongguk prises his fingers away and it reminds him of when Yoongi first confessed his feelings to Jeongguk, how he had hidden his face in embarrassment as he admitted that he liked the younger. Yoongi's face looks impossibly grumpy when it comes into view and Jeongguk's smirk quickly melts into a grin. Jeongguk leans in, pressing his lips to the tight line of Yoongi's, laughing against him when Yoongi refuses to return the kiss.

"Don't think you can kiss it out of me," Yoongi tells him.

"Can I at least try?" Jeongguk replies, licking tentatively at Yoongi's lips.

Yoongi's lips part a little from the action and Jeongguk immediately slides his tongue past them, tilting his head and deepening the kiss. Despite his protestations Yoongi kisses back eagerly, his tongue curling round Jeongguk's as they heatedly explore the depths of each other's mouths. Yoongi shuts down his laptop whilst continuing to kiss Jeongguk, placing it to his side before reaching out and pulling Jeongguk into his lap instead. Jeongguk places a knee either side of Yoongi's hips and lets his fingers card into his hair.

Yoongi's hands creep beneath the hem of Jeongguk's shirt and his sweatiness has clearly been forgiven as Yoongi's fingers rub smoothly against his lower back. The kiss is unexpectedly hot and passionate,

both of them into it as though they've been apart for days rather than hours. Jeongguk can't complain though, happily licking into the warmth of Yoongi's mouth, loving the familiar taste of the other.

It makes it extremely difficult to pull away but Jeongguk knows he has to in order to persist with his line of questioning. Yoongi lets out a tiny whine as Jeongguk's lips leave his own, his head actually following the path of the younger's.

"So what's this about you picking me?" Jeongguk asks playfully, covering Yoongi's mouth with his palm, quickly removing it when Yoongi nips at him.

"Fuck, I hate you," Yoongi sighs once he realises why Jeongguk's stopped this kiss. "It was nothing. Can we get back to what we-"

"Didn't sound like nothing," Jeongguk teases.

Yoongi narrows his eyes at Jeongguk, trying to work out whether he can get out of this one or not. After a while he seems to admit defeat and rolls his eyes.

"Fine," he grunts. "If you *have* to know..." He trails off, obviously hoping that Jeongguk won't press him but he has no such luck.

"Yes, I do," Jeongguk smiles smugly.

"Like I said, it was nothing," Yoongi tells him. "They were playing some stupid game where we had to pick who out of the other members we would sleep with if we had to, and I picked you, and they never fucking let me forget about it."

Yoongi's words come out so quick and mumbled that Jeongguk has a hard time hearing them, but he does. It causes his smile to widen.

"I'm honoured," he grins, ignoring the way Yoongi refuses to meet his eyes. "And when was this exactly?"

"I don't know *exactly*," Yoongi shrugs. "Sometime around the last comeback."

"I see," Jeongguk says, still smiling.

He still finds it insane that Yoongi harboured feelings for him for such a long time before that first morning. He thinks over what Yoongi's just told him and then something starts to twist unpleasantly in the

depths of his chest as he wonders how on earth that sort of question comes up in conversation. He smile fades a little.

"Were the three of you, you know, doing stuff then?" he asks, his words quiet and cautious. "You know, during our comeback?"

Yoongi swallows hard and looks up at Jeongguk, but this time it's the younger who doesn't quite manage to meet his gaze. Yoongi sighs softly, his thumb starting to brush comfortably against Jeongguk's back.

"Yes," Yoongi tells him without fuss, straightforward as ever.

Jeongguk takes a deep breath in and nods, suddenly feeling a little sad. "How long was it happening for before I- you know."

Yoongi exhales slowly. Jeongguk knows that he won't lie but he almost wishes that he would.

"A couple of months I guess," Yoongi says."

"And before that?"

"What do you mean?" Yoongi asks gently. Jeongguk doesn't respond and his silence prompts Yoongi to speak again. "Look, are you sure you want to know all this, Kook? It's all in the past now."

"I mean with Tae and Jimin. Separately," Jeongguk presses, ignoring Yoongi's concerns. "How long had that been going on?"

"Kook-"

"I'm just curious," Jeongguk interrupts, trying to keep his voice as light and nonchalant as he can, as though he's only mildly curious.

His fingers absently fiddle with the material of Yoongi's shirt. As much as he doesn't like the thought of the three of them together, something about the thought of them individually with Yoongi seems even worse. More intimate, more like what they share now. It's not a pleasant thought.

"It wasn't long," Yoongi assures him.

"Before we did that northern Europe trip?" Jeongguk asks. "Or later?"

"I don't remember when exactly, but it was some time after that," Yoongi tells him. Jeongguk looks up at him quizzically at his

statement, feeling like he might be trying to avoid answering the question. Yoongi looks back at him, open and genuine. "I'm not trying to hide anything here. I honestly can't remember exactly when because, well, it didn't mean anything to me. It was just for fun."

"Okay," Jeongguk nods.

"Why does it matter if it was before that trip?" Yoongi asks him kindly, ducking his head a little so that he can meet Jeongguk's gaze again when he tries to look away.

"No reason."

"Seriously?" Yoongi sighs. "Then why would you mention-"

"Because that's when I felt like we properly became close," Jeongguk tells him, a little startled by his own admission. Yoongi seems so too, blinking a few times after he speaks. "We'd been getting closer before that but it changed after that trip somehow. And I guess it kind of hurts to know when I was thinking that we were getting closer, you were actually fucking two of my friends."

Jeongguk's words hang heavily between them. He honestly doesn't know why he's bringing all this up now. Sure, it's bothered him before but like Yoongi says it's all in the past. There's a part of him though, an insistent, masochistic part of him, and it just has to know.

"Kook, I'm sorry," Yoongi says eventually, and it's clear just from his voice how hurt he is. His fingers press under Jeongguk's chin, tilting his head up to meet his gaze once again. His expression is pained, his eyes swimming with such a depth of emotion that it's almost hard to look at.

"I just never thought that I had a chance with you. The idea that something like this might happen, I just-" He shakes his head as though still disbelieving that it has. He looks up at the ceiling before looking back at Jeongguk. "Tae and Jimin, it just kind of happened. There were no feelings there. Of *course* I liked you, but I couldn't wait around for something I didn't think would ever be possible."

His admission hovers in the air, calming and intriguing Jeongguk somewhat. He knows it shouldn't matter, all of this stuff. Knows he should just concentrate on the here and now, but he can't help where his mind wanders sometimes.

"You liked me back then?" Jeongguk asks tentatively, his voice almost

a whisper. "Around our comeback?" He knew Yoongi liked him before but he didn't expect for it to have started that long ago.

Yoongi lets out a small laugh. "Yes," he says quietly. "I've liked you probably for longer than I should have."

"Oh," Jeongguk says, a little dumbstruck from the confession.

Yoongi laughs lightly again. "Sorry if that's a little creepy."

"Totally creepy."

Yoongi smiles tenderly at him and Jeongguk can't help but smile back. He leans in, pressing his lips gently to Yoongi's. The kiss isn't as heated as before but it still makes Jeongguk's heart pound and his stomach feel like he's just plummeted from the top storey of a building. He curves his fingers around the nape of Yoongi's neck and Yoongi's tighten around his back.

"Please don't focus on the past," Yoongi murmurs against his lips. "It's you I want to be with."

Jeongguk doesn't respond, just presses his lips harder against Yoongi's until they open under him. They sink easily into the kiss, Jeongguk settling down into Yoongi's lap as their tongues glide together, slowly and slickly. Yoongi's hands trail along his spine, slipping beneath his shirt to caress the warm skin of his back. Jeongguk keeps one hand behind Yoongi's neck while the other drops to his front, sliding under his shirt to feel the smooth plane of his stomach.

Jeongguk's hips press down a little more firmly into Yoongi's lap and his hand reaches for the hem of Yoongi's shirt, but he's soon stopped by long fingers wrapping around his wrist, stilling his movements.

"You seriously need to shower before I consider anything like that," Yoongi tells him, pulling back from the kiss and smirking.

"What's the point of showering just to get sweaty again?" Jeongguk argues, keen to keep their kiss moving in the direction it was going,

"No way," Yoongi retorts.

"Okay, give me like, five minutes," Jeongguk tells him, starting to climb off of him, ready to take the quickest shower of his life. Yoongi laughs, holding him still on his lap. His lips press to Jeongguk's neck.

"Or," he begins, dragging out the word. "I could shower with you?"

Jeongguk's face lights up at the suggestion. He leans down, the two of them indulging in one more short but fiery kiss before Jeongguk's standing up and holding out his hand to Yoongi.

"Okay, just give me two minutes," Yoongi laughs. He shakes his head at Jeongguk's eagerness, but the younger doesn't fail to miss the way his cheeks get the faintest tinge of pink from knowing that Jeongguk's so keen to be with him. "I'll meet you in there."

Jeongguk dashes out of the room, darting into his own bedroom to grab a towel and some clean clothes before heading into the mercifully empty bathroom. He locks the door and discards his frankly quite gross clothes from dance practice on the floor. He can't say he blames Yoongi for not wanting to go any further with him in his post-dance state.

The water is refreshing as it hits him and he makes sure to clean himself quickly. He's pretty sure when Yoongi gets here there will be far more enjoyable things to focus on. He keeps listening out for a knock on the door or something but after five minutes have passed and Yoongi's not there he's starting to get a bit annoyed. He steps out from under the spray.

He towels himself off, tugging on his clothes even while he's still a little damp and ready to burst in Yoongi's room to tell him to hurry the fuck up. The door to his bedroom is still ajar so Jeongguk flings it open.

"Hurry up already, I've been waiting for-"

Jeongguk's words die mid-sentence when he spots Seokjin sitting on his bed, apparently in conversation with Yoongi. Yoongi grimaces a little as he walks in and Seokjin just blinks a few times in surprise.

"Oh, hi hyung," Jeongguk stammers out. Shit, he hadn't realised that Seokjin was due back so early today.

"Hi Kookie," Seokjin greets him, and the gentleness in his voice sends a wave of relief through Jeongguk. "Sit down. Please."

He gestures to Yoongi's bed and Jeongguk sits down tentatively, running a hand nervously through his wet hair. He looks at Jeongguk kindly but it does nothing to curb the unsettled feeling swirling inside of him.

"I, uh, I've just been apologising to Yoongi for how I reacted the other night," Seokjin tells him tentatively. "I made a lot of insinuations about his character that I know just aren't true."

"It's okay, hyung," Yoongi tells him, even though Jeongguk feels like it wasn't really. He knows how much those words would have hurt Yoongi, plucked at his deepest insecurity about their relationship, but Seokjin's of course not to realise that.

"No, it's not," Seokjin sighs. "Believe me, if I could take it back I would."

Yoongi doesn't say anything more, just nods in acceptance. Seokjin nods too, though more like he's gathering himself to say something.

"I'm really sorry about it all. It wasn't right what I said but please don't hold it against me," he says. "I was- I was just really shocked at the time and I reacted terribly. I just didn't know *what* to think."

"We get that," Yoongi replies. "We know that it wasn't the best way for you to find out."

Seokjin nods but he still looks a little upset. He moves his gaze away from Yoongi and fixes it on Jeongguk instead.

"Look, Kookie, I know I can treat you like a kid still and I do understand that you're not one anymore. I guess I've just always seen you as my little brother ever since we met and sometimes it's hard to let that go. Imagining you in a relationship and, you know, doing what you guys were doing- " He trails off, smiling bashfully. "God, I still find it weird to see you drinking a beer, let alone all of that. I'll try harder but just- please bear with me if I struggle sometimes."

Seokjin smiles over at them and it's pretty awkward but so genuine at the same time that Jeongguk can't help but nod in acknowledgement.

'Course, hyung," Jeongguk tells him.

"I *am* really pleased for you both," Seokjin adds. "If you truly care for each other then, well, this is a good thing."

"We do," Jeongguk assures him. "A lot."

"Then like I said, I'm really happy for you. Both of you," he repeats, eyes flitting to Yoongi as well.

Jeongguk gives him a smile of gratitude that he's pretty sure Yoongi is mirroring beside him. He glances over and sure enough his lips are curved up, his eyes shining warmly. He catches Jeongguk's gaze and they both look away. Seokjin clears his throat, sounding a touch embarrassed.

"So we're getting take out tonight, are you going to come down and order?" Seokjin asks them.

Jeongguk thinks almost painfully of the empty shower waiting for him and Yoongi but he nods anyway. Seokjin has been really gracious in apologising and he's not about to snub the offer of reconciliation.

"Sounds good," he smiles.

Once they're downstairs there's plenty of bickering between everyone when choosing what to order so they do what they normally do; order everything and end up eating way too much.

Jeongguk's happy though, even if uncomfortably full afterwards. They're all slouched around in the lounge and it's been a while since they've all been able to relax together like this. Jeongguk takes one last bite off of his chopsticks before admitting defeat and placing them down on his plate.

Seokjin disappears for a while, eventually returning with a bottle of Soju and seven glasses.

"But it's a school night," Taehyung gasps dramatically, as though acting out a scene from a drama, and everyone laughs.

Seokjin rolls his eyes and places the tray of glasses down onto the coffee table. He unscrews the bottle and starts to pour.

"I'm sure one won't hurt to finish the evening," Seokjin says dismissively. "I just thought it's been a while since we've all been together and we should enjoy it."

"What are we toasting to?" Jimin asks once everyone's been handed a glass by Seokjin.

"Let's toast to Yoongi and Jeo-"

"Don't you dare finish that sentence," Yoongi warns Hoseok, who abruptly stops talking. Hoseok sighs loudly and rolls his eyes but doesn't continue.

"How about we toast to my return?" Seokjin suggests. "Now I can grace you all with my handsomeness every day once more." He flutters his eyes in an exaggerated aeyogo.

"Actually, hyung, we were going to ask if you could get back on the plane," Namjoon tells him, all false seriousness. Seokjin whacks him on the arm in response.

"How about we just drink?" Jeongguk suggests and everyone murmurs their agreement,

The Soju burns his throat but it's a pleasant warmth. He feels it spread through his body, adding to the deep contentment he feels right now as he looks around the room.

Taehyung's sitting next to Jimin on the floor, motioning wordlessly for Jimin to pass him a glass of water as his face creases in disgust from downing from the drink. Jimin hands him one, the look of affection on his face as he does so hard to miss. Hoseok and Namjoon are discussing something over on the other couch, peering intently into the bottom of Namjoon's glass. Seokjin's already standing up, rifling with his chopsticks through the take out remains on the table for one last morsel of food.

Jeongguk turns to look at Yoongi. Yoongi's looking around the room too, a soft smile playing on his lips. He twirls the shot glass between his fingers, gaze drifting down to it before he senses he's being watched and turns to face Jeongguk instead. He's relaxed and happy and he gives Jeongguk a look that's so full of warmth that it makes Jeongguk's chest ache to see it. Ache with how much he wants Yoongi and yet he already has him, and knowing all of that just makes Jeongguk unable to think straight.

He's not really to blame, then, when he leans in and presses his lips to Yoongi's. It's not a long kiss, just a simple brush of their lips together. His heart still races though; all the members are here and he's never kissed Yoongi in front of all of them before. He feels nervous but also excited because he *can* now.

There's an obvious silence when he pulls away and he can't quite bring himself to turn around, to witness the looks on their faces. Yoongi's smiling though and that's enough for him. The silence drags on a few minutes longer before Namjoon breaks it, sounding surprised but laughing happily too.

"I think that's enough Soju for you two."

"Give them more!" Taehyung exclaims excitedly.

Jeongguk turns around and Taehyung's grinning brightly, throwing Jeongguk a wink. The room dissolves into chatter again, though he doesn't fail to miss the stunned but happy looks on the others' faces. He looks over at Yoongi who laughs, embarrassed but happy too.

Jeongguk can't help but smile as he rests his head on Yoongi's shoulder, settling there for the rest of the evening.

End Notes

Thank you again everyone for your wonderful comments on the last part, they truly brighten up my day to read and it means so much to know that you are all enjoying reading this as much as I'm enjoying writing it.

So I've tried to keep this series as canon compliant as possible but I've just realised that Bangtan technically should have been on a world tour a few parts ago soooo lets all just pretend that's not the case XD (also please come to the UK for once T.T)

As always, comments are much loved and appreciated <3 I hope you enjoyed this part!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!